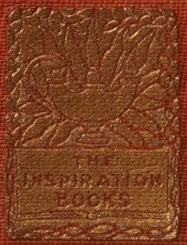
WOMEN WHO HAVE MADE GOOD

CECIL KER



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Women Who Have Made Good

BY

CECIL KER

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PREFACE

An authority who has arranged some interesting statistics on the subject, puts the number of women who have made good, and of whom history makes mention, well over ten thousand. There are women to-day who are making good in every walk of life. There are thousands of these of whom the world will never hear, and there are others who are making the history of the future.

In selecting the women whose life-stories appear in these pages, choice has fallen upon those who owed little or nothing to chance. There are, indeed, more brilliant characters in history. But these used the tools that lay at hand, and with them they wrought well. Their achievements are as a hand stretched out to the struggler.

PREFACE

In preparing this book, the author is indebted to journals and letters wherever available. Grateful acknowledgment is made, also, for the help found in Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë; in the Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa May Alcott, edited by Ednah D. Cheney; the Life of George Eliot as Told in Her Letters and Journals, edited by J. W. Cross; and in the Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, edited by R. W. Browning.

CECIL KER.

New York, September, 1915.

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WOMEN WHO HAVE MADE GOOD

Women Who Have Made Good

JANE AUSTEN

1775-1817

A REASONABLE amount of discontent with present conditions, a little real trouble and plenty of ambition: give a man these and there is no limit to what he may become. But provide him from childhood with food, clothes and shelter, and he may contentedly enjoy himself without asking more, for it is the early habit of physical comfort that sings its song of inactive content to the brain.

Picture, then, a comfortable house with large rooms and neat appointments, in the southern part of England, high enough to

escape the fogs. Surround the house with an old-fashioned flower garden, large pastures bounded by wide hedgerows, a scattering of tall elms to shade the peacefully browsing cattle, and over all, a lazy air of quiet content. This is a picture of an eighteenth century, country home in Steventon, Hampshire, in the days when marriage was the only career open to women.

Into the picture as its central figure, put a tall, attractive girl of twenty—a natural girl, fond of good times and pretty things—a girl with a pleasing voice and some ability as a pianist, who is first in all games and sports, who dresses daintily and fashionably, and is sufficiently well off to have the things she fancies.

Ordinarily, the story of the girl around whom this picture is drawn would be one of pleasure, ease, and good times with the usual ending that she fell in love, was married and lived happily ever after.

But Jane Austen is the girl in this picture; and Jane Austen had other aspirations. Drifting along day after day, merely getting through each one as it came, did not satisfy her. Yet, she did not perceive herself as having a mission to perform. Nor did she demand atmosphere for her work or even exact from her family, quiet and solitude for herself. She was purposeful, but considerate.

As a girl of twenty, she began seriously to write. She finished three novels in little more than as many years; writing simply for the pleasure of her family and her friends. Her workroom was the general sitting-room, but strangers did not catch her at work, for the door of this room had a hinge that creaked every time it opened or closed. This door was her sentry. She sat with clothes for the poor on her lap and a pad beside her, writing or sewing until the creaking of the door warned her that someone was coming. Away went the garment or the writing, out came

the satin-stitch she kept always within reach, and thus the visitor invariably found her properly engaged. Jane Austen was so shy about her writing that, in order to avoid the questions of strangers, she used small sheets of paper which could hastily slipped out of sight.

Her father had faith in her work and considered it worthy of publication. But it was not until after his death and only a few years before her own that publishers recognized this. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to find a market for her stories. Then, disappointed and discouraged for the time, she put them away.

In rapid succession there came, however, events that gave a deeper, steadier, and stronger tone to her life. In a runaway accident she lost a friend who was very dear to her. Then, word came unexpectedly that another friend —one to whom it was believed she was to be married—had died suddenly. Thus, when her

father's death made it necessary for her to earn her own living, it was with a calm, sympathetic and gentle view of life that Jane Austen sought out her old stories and rewrote them, weaving into them that love for her fellows and sympathy with their joys and sorrows that had newly come into her own life.

Her work was now accepted by publishers. And it was not long before she won the approval of all discriminating readers. The Prince Regent opened his library to her. Publishers paid her more for her stories than they did for those of contemporary writers better known than she. Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and Macaulay praised her work. George Eliot declared it flawless. The English people would have lionized her, but Jane Austen continued to live quietly, hopefully and modestly, seeking no society save that which had surrounded her all her life, claiming no entry to literary circles nor any consideration from their mem-

bers. She did not travel to any extent, never going farther from home than London.

Jane Austen died in the year George Eliot was born. Charlotte Brontë was then three years old and Elizabeth Browning a girl of thirteen. These three women were to take prominent parts in the making of English literature. Yet, when their best was being placed before the world, Jane Austen's books were steadily gaining appreciation. To-day they are regarded as among the choicest English Classics.

1775 Birth, Steventon parsonage, Hampshire.

1796 *Pride and Prejudice.*

1798 *Sense and Sensibility.*

1779 *Northanger Abbey.*

Purchase of *Northanger Abbey* by a London bookseller for £10.

1805 Death of father.

1811-1813 Second draft and publication of *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice.*

Repurchase of *Northanger Abbey.*

1814 *Mansfield Park.*

1816 *Emma.*

1817 Death, Winchester, England.

1818 Publication of *Northanger Abbey* and of *Persuasion.*

MARY LYON

1797-1849

For a few days in October of 1912, South Hadley, Massachusetts, was the scene of busy, happy excitement. Visitors came on foot, by stage, in carriages, by rail, and in automobiles. The normal population of the little city was swelled by several thousands, and every accommodation offered by hotels, boarding-houses, and even by private families had been booked months in advance.

Who are they, this happy crowd of silver-haired ladies, bright-eyed matrons, and sweet-faced girls? They surge up the hill, all bound for the same goal. As they near the end of their journey, a look of admiration and of pride comes over the faces of all. Amazement

takes the place of admiration in the expression of the older women as they see the beautiful buildings on the campus of Mount Holyoke College. On the site of the small, frame building which they remembered now stands the Mary Lyon Chapel. Clustered about it are the recitation halls and laboratories, the Dwight Memorial art building, the library, the John Payson Williston observatory, the botanical gardens, the gymnasium, the hospital and seven residence halls. Even the gateway is new and strange to those who remember only the single frame building.

In the three days that followed, there was much for these visitors to see and to do. Elaborate plans had been made for their entertainment. They were invited to watch a gorgeous pageant, then to listen to stirring addresses, later perhaps, to partake of a banquet given in their honor and then to attend the formal opening of the Field Memorial Gateway, while every day they went on exploring tours

through the buildings whose splendor and number had first caught their attention.

Mount Holyoke was celebrating her seventy-fifth birthday.

Not another college in the country could have celebrated just such an anniversary. But let us go back a little.

Forty years before Mount Holyoke College opened its doors, a baby girl was born on a farm near Buckland, Massachusetts. School-days for this little girl began when she was not quite six years old. She walked one mile to her first school and two miles to her second. Thereafter she studied wherever she could find a good teacher and, because her people were poor, she paid for her board and lodging in some house in the neighborhood of the school by assisting with the housework. At that time, education beyond the grammar grades was not furnished without pay and a single term at an academy for girls cost as much as a whole college course for a boy. At

best, her equipment for life when a girl had finished school was a smattering of French, music and drawing, with little that was of any practical use to her. "If Jenny learns letters and law, who will make the puddings and pies?" was a strong argument against giving a girl the solid instruction her brother received.

In an age when even women of fashion and culture were unashamed to make "their mark" it was difficult for a girl to persuade her elders that education was an advantage to her. It is not surprising then that Mary Lyon was taken from school when she was fourteen and set to housekeeping for her brother at the wage of one dollar a week. But no idea of contenting herself with this position ever entered her mind. At seventeen she was again regularly attending school, but this time in the capacity of a teacher. She then made a practice of teaching one term and studying the next. But even so there were times when

she did not have enough money to pay tuition fees. In one instance she met this expense by giving in exchange for her instruction, two bed-spreads which she, herself, wove and dyed. It was these early struggles for learning that made her determined "to put within the reach of students of moderate means such opportunities that none can find better," to establish "a permanent institution consecrated to the work of training young women to the greatest usefulness, and designed to be furnished with every advantage that the state of education in this country will allow."

All the years she occupied subordinate positions in schools she scrutinized the material before her and adapted the course of study to the needs of the pupils she was so critically observing. In those years she managed to put music and drawing in secondary positions and to give history and literature the attention they deserve. But she had no control of the tuition fee—"train young women to the greatest

usefulness'' she might, but she had no means of putting that training ''within the reach of students of moderate means.''

A school of her own, in which she could regulate the tuition as well as the course of study, was logically the next step. But Mary Lyon had no capital with which to establish such an institution. There were those who had, and it became her business to interest them in her plan. She was sometimes subjected to rudeness when she made her request. But she had faith in her object and though it was almost torture to her to do anything that seemed at all like begging, she traveled night and day to find help in working out her plan. It is significant of the deep affection she inspired in those who knew her, that she received one-fourth of the sum donated from her former pupils. The generosity of these young teachers is the more apparent when one remembers that teachers were very poorly paid at that time. Mary Lyon, herself,

in her first school, received but seventy-five cents a week and her board.

Her enthusiasm for the plan was so infectious, however, that she soon raised the four thousand dollars she needed. Land was then purchased and ground broken for a building to accommodate one hundred students. On November 8th, 1837, Mount Holyoke College opened. Within a year it was unable to take care of the hundreds who flocked to its doors. To-day more than a thousand students are on its register.

More colleges were needed and they sprang up in cities throughout the whole country. Mary Lyon's college was the model for all. A wealthy brewer gave $400,000 and 200 acres of land to start Vassar College. Smith came into being through a will leaving $365,000 for that purpose. But Mount Holyoke, the pioneer in the field of higher education for women in America, owes its existence to the energy and the courage of one woman.

1797 Birth, Buckland, Massachusetts.
1802 Pupil in district school.
1814 Teacher.
1817 Student at Sanderson Academy, Ashfield.
1821 Student at Joseph Emerson School, Byfield.
1822 Assistant principal, Sanderson Academy.
1835 Selection of site for Mount Holyoke College.
1836 Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, incorporated.
1837 Formal opening of Mount Holyoke Seminary. Mary Lyon, principal.
1849 Death, Mount Holyoke, March 5th.

ELIZABETH BROWNING
1806-1861

The Prisoner in her Dungeon smiled a happy smile. She had been captive for twenty-three years in a dark, close room where life's one bright spot was found only on the occasional, warm days when she might open the window and lean out.

But now she was to be free. She, who had almost forgotten how to walk, was again to feel the fresh, green grass under foot. The free, happy, days she had known before she was caged in like a bird, were to be hers again.

How often she looked gratefully toward the two, small, green books which had called to her the only one who could give her freedom.

They were the thoughts of those long days when she was alone. To while away the hours, she had embodied them in verse; and later, sent them forth—a message to the outer world with which she could not mingle otherwise.

With these songs she had called many to the "prison-wall;" and occasionally the darkened room was brightened for a brief hour by one or another of the stars of the world outside. But of these, only one chose to stay. Only one lingered when the singing ceased and the voice dropped down, tired with the uneven fight and choked with sobs.

"What have I to do with thee?" thought the Prisoner, when this star—the most brilliant of them all—forgot its conventional course to stay and brighten her dungeon. For she counted her work as simply an earnest of what she should do later, and regarded herself as a burdensome invalid whose only claim on life was that she might reach some real achievement in the art she had chosen. As if

in answer to her silent question, there appeared this in one of the letters of her friend: "When I try and build a great building. I shall want you to come with me and judge it and counsel me before the scaffolding is taken down, and while you have to make your way over hods and mortar and heaps of lime and trembling tubs of size. . . ."

Her answer came back, patiently hopeless, that such could not be, for he was one of the company of kings and queens and she must stay forever in her dungeon.

But, he objected, would she not try the bolts of her prison; might they not be made to slide back a little. Why should she content herself with leaning out of the window when perhaps she might walk out of the door? Slowly the flowers he sent her, his letters, and his talks took effect, for she wrote: "I was really out to-day." A little later she was able to give up the morphine which had been her only means of sleeping. She grew steadily stronger,

and her excursions from the darkened room became longer and more frequent.

On a certain September day in 1846, she went out as usual to walk, but instead of turning towards the park she went into the little church near by. A few minutes passed and then she reappeared and went back to her dungeon. But something had happened in those few minutes—the captive, Elizabeth Barrett, was gone and Elizabeth Browning took her place. Life in the prison lasted just one week for Elizabeth Browning. With a step now firm and light she walked out of the darkened room for the last time.

Her years of loneliness were ended. Hand in hand the two poets wandered over the Continent. Robert Browning had twice covered the ground and took delight in showing his companion his favorite places; guiding her where the way was smooth and catching her up in his arms where it was rough and steep. It was a new experience for her to have some-

one coax her out of doors on fine days, someone who hated darkened rooms for her as much as she did for herself. And under the influence of this thoughtful concern she lost the indifference she had felt toward life for the past twenty years.

The wanderings of the travelers brought them to Italy, and ultimately they settled in Florence. Here both took up their work again —she writing in cheerful, upstairs-room, and he in his own room downstairs, where he met all comers so that she might not be troubled by inquisitive strangers.

Thus they worked, constructing separately the buildings of their poetic fancy. It is strange that, while both were writers, and both were poets, there is not a single work which is avowedly the product of joint authorship—none which indicates that Elizabeth Browning was the architect and her husband the builder, or *vice versa.* Yet, always before the scaffolding was taken down and before

the litter of "hods and mortar and trembling tubs of size" had been cleared away, they took counsel, each of the other. It was in this way that *Casa Guidi Windows* and *Aurora Leigh* were written.

The Sonnets from the Portuguese were not originally intended for publication. Those rare love letters—those intimate confessions of dawning affection date back to the darkened room, when she was still doubtful whether all the brightness that had come into her life could be meant for her—when it seemed to her "Just as if the sun rose again at 7 o'clock p. m." It was not until the lover had become merged in the husband, that the Sonnets were put into his hands. He dared not, he said, reserve to himself "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's;" and yet one wonders at his giving to the world, feelings and expressions so tenderly personal.

Elizabeth Browning died in June, 1861.

She, who had been so near death for twenty years, won her battle against sickness and lived fifteen years longer than doctors had believed possible. It was in this last quarter of her life that she rose to the position of the greatest poet among women—a position which the passing years bring none to challenge.

1806 Birth, probably at Coxhoe Hall, Durham, England.

1817 *The Battle of Marathon,* four books.

1826 *An Essay on Mind and Other Poems.*
The beginning of a period of sickness.
A student of Greek with the Blind Scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd.

1832 Sale of Hope End and removal to Sedmouth, Devon.

1833 Translation of *Prometheus Bound.*

1836 A regular contributor to the New Monthly Magazine.

1838 Removal to 50 Wimpole Street, London.

1840 Friendship with Mary R. Mitford.

1844 *Poems.*
First letter from Robert Browning.

1846 Marriage with Robert Browning, September 12th.

1847 *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

1860 Last volume of poems.

1861 Death, at Florence, June 29th.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

1816-1855

"LITERATURE cannot be the business of a woman's life and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties the less leisure she will have for it, even as an accomplishment and a recreation."

To the girl of twenty who had timidly submitted a volume of poems to the great Southey, asking his opinion and intimating that she hoped to make writing her profession, these words came as a severe blow. She might justly have claimed to belong to a literary family. The Reverend Patrick Brontë was naturally interested in serious matters. He prided himself on being well posted and encouraged his children to form opinions on all subjects. It

is said that when only five years of age, they discussed politics with him. His wife, on such occasions as she was not busy with one or another of her numerous brood, had even dabbled in writing. The children followed obediently enough in the path cut out for them.

Though there were six of them at the Haworth rectory, they were never known to indulge in the wild gleeful games such as children generally love. Instead, they preferred to sit in a windowless, closet-like room and write stories and plays. Now and then, they would make excursions to the moors and, in some unfrequented spot, act their little dramas. At these performances, the author, the stage manager, the audience and the cast were all drawn from this odd company of six.

The writing went on for years, interrupted only by study at school, until the children had finished their short term of pupilage. The Reverend Patrick Brontë had no money to help them further so they soon took positions

as teachers. Charlotte was fairly successful in school work, but the pay was small. The position of governess, on the other hand, though it paid better, was utterly distasteful to a sensitive and refined girl. Never for a minute was a governess allowed to feel that she was other than a hireling. One incident in the experience of Charlotte Brontë, at this time, characterizes the whole situation. One of her pupils happened to say in the mother's hearing:

"I love you, Miss Brontë."

But the artless phrase had scarcely left the child's lips, before her mother rebuked her with:

"*Love* a governess! Oh, my dear!"

Nor were the other sisters more happily situated. Their early training had wholly unfitted them for this work and though they tried resolutely to make a success of it, they were soon forced to give it up.

Writing then was their only means of

becoming independent; and years of practice had given them confidence in their work. It is quite possible that Charlotte Brontë wanted the poet's approval as much or more than his opinion, when she sent the book of verses to Robert Southey.

Hopefully she opened and read his long kindly letter. Half-way down the page she saw the words: "Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life." That single line blotted out all else. In it she heard the knell of her hopes. The poetry which had given her so much pleasure to write became now a source of confusion and shame.

In all humility she wrote her thanks for the kind and wisely intended advice Southey had given her, and promised that should she ever feel ambitious to see her name in print, she would read his letter and suppress the desire.

There is no word in her letters following this that she is continuing with her writing; on the contrary, a letter to a friend discloses that she

"has lately discovered in herself quite a talent for cleaning rooms, sweeping up hearths, and making beds."

It was ten years after the correspondence with Southey, that *Jane Eyre* by Currer Bell appeared. Reviewers marvelled and drew their own mental picture of the new genius who had made the simple, life-story of an English governess so vital and throbbing that it aroused the emotions and compelled the attention from the first line to the last. But, an unknown writer, you know! Ah! the critics must do their hand-clapping in private. Reviewers were cautious. Not so, however, the librarians and other untrammeled readers into whose hands the book fell. They had found a new genius. They admired him unreservedly and quickly spread the news of their discovery.

All England was curious to know of the author. Where did he live, and how? Was Currer Bell his real name? These questions were asked, but no one could give the answers.

So they took up the book again. The fidelity of the character sketches localized it at once as a product of the North. Its rugged simplicity showed clearly that the writer had never known the sauvity and the polish of conventional, southern England. Then, one of the more acute of the readers succeeded in identifying a school here, a scene there, and put in the characters where they belonged. He was then sure that the author he sought would be found at the parsonage of Haworth.

With the discovery of her home, the author's thin disguise as a man fell away and disclosed a shy, delicate woman, scarcely larger than a child. Nothing about her suggested the author of country-wide fame. Visitors never surprised her at her writing, but she might often be found quietly darning a sock, or busy at some other homely occupation.

While all this speculation as to her identity and home had been going on, Charlotte Brontë had been busy with her second book. But she

wrote *Shirley* under circumstances very different from those under which she had produced *Jane Eyre*. While she had been writing *Jane Eyre,* her sister Emily had been busy with *Wuthering Heights,* and Anne, her other sister, had been writing *Agnes Grey*. These latter had also met with some degree of appreciation. The three sisters had worked happily together and had hoped cheerfully for greater success. Suddenly when *Shirley* was only started, the brother, Branwell, died. Within a few months Emily sickened with consumption and soon followed him. And, before the year ended, Anne, also had passed away.

It was only natural that the grief of losing those with whom she had worked and with whom she had shared her hopes and aspirations, should tinge the new book. *Shirley* was considered too gloomy and too sad for the majority of readers. But the discerning saw in it evidence of increasing ability. The

author was acquiring literary poise and reserve. And, while the book did not spring into instant popularity, it steadily made its way and to-day holds a place with works of Thackery, Mrs. Gaskell and other noted contemporaries.

Two years later the old enthusiasm which had greeted *Jane Eyre* burst forth again when *Villette* came from the press. This time critics did not withhold their praise. Reviewers everywhere gave fair recognition of the genius displayed in this new book. The public accorded it hearty applause and wondered afresh at the power which touched such commonplace life as that in a "pension" and made it fascinating and momentous. And it seemed to these people as if they might now expect to be delighted almost yearly with fresh tales from this inspiring pen. But a year passed and there was no hint of a new book. Later, Charlotte Brontë's friends announced the news of her marriage. There was again a few

months of silence and then came word that the brilliant author was dead.

Looking upon the books she has left us, and stopping, as everyone must, to live again the enchantment they hold for us, we find ourselves speculating as to what might have been done in those ten silent years had Southey held out to the eager girl just a little definite encouragement.

1816 Birth at Thornton, England.
1820 Removal to Haworth; death of mother.
1831 Student at Roe Head.
1835 Governess at Roe Head.
1837 Correspondence with Southey.
1838 Two offers of marriage; in service as nursery governess.
1842 Student at Pensionat Heger, Brussels, Belgium.
1843 Student-teacher at Brussels.
1844 Return to Haworth.
1846 *Poems* by Currer, Elis and Acton Bell.
1847 *Jane Eyre.*
1849 *Shirley.*
1853 *Villette.*
1854 Marriage to Arthur Bell Nichols.
1855 Death at Haworth, March 31st.

CLARA SCHUMANN
1819-1896

CLARA SCHUMANN: Perhaps at the mere mention of her name you have pictured the girl pianist and expect a rehearsal of the story of her life as a concert-giver. As an artist her position is undoubtedly unrivaled among women. Houses were sold out immediately after the announcement of the date of her performance and crowds were turned away from the doors. Yet, after all has been said about her success as a concert-giver, there remains a pretty chapter of her life which is neither so well-known nor so much spoken of as her public career, but which, in its way, is just as interesting.

The independent career of this remarkable

artist was such as few have enjoyed. At nine her ability as a pianist brought to her father, Friederich Wieck, from whom she received her instruction, recognition as one of the leading teachers of the day. At eighteen she had earned the title of Chamber Musician to the Empress of Germany—the youngest musician ever so recognized. Yet, this girl could, at the very height of her success, give up her own ambitions, take leave of an enthusiastic public whose appreciation was among the dearest possessions of her life, and quietly smooth out the rough places in the way of another.

Clara Wieck was still a child when Robert Schumann came to study with her father. This boy of eighteen was brilliant both as a composer and as an interpreter of music; accomplishments that won him instant welcome at the Wieck home. His progress in his studies was a matter of as much pride to Wieck as if the boy were his own. Naturally the two young people, thrown so constantly together,

became friends. But, when their interest in each other deepened into a serious attachment, Wieck was much displeased. He had devoted thirteen years to the training of his daughter and was not prepared to give her up to become the wife of a man who had not then even proved himself.

Schumann was content to wait until his position was thoroughly assured. But for such a man as he, the waiting was hard. His was a nervous, high-strung nature; he was often depressed with morbid broodings, fits of self-distrust, and world-weariness. Fortunately for his later development, Schumann was not one who could long find relief from his sufferings in excesses. In speaking of his condition, he says: "I am well aware of the cure that could avail.....A loving wife could do it." He was destined to wait seven years for his cure.

At the end of that time Clara was twenty-one, and in spite of her father's opposition,

she and Schumann were married. For the next fourteen years she was his comrade in art and the perfect manager of his home—inspiring his most pleasing works through her wonderful interpretation and sympathy; shielding him from worry and lifting him out of his melancholy with her beautiful, tender love. The effectiveness of the cure may be judged from the beautiful songs which seemed literally to flow from Schumann's pen immediately following their marriage. Of this period of Robert Schumann's life, Sir George Grove says: "He created and wrote for his wife; and in accordance with her temperament; while she looked upon it as her highest privilege to give to the world the most perfect interpretation of his works, or at least to stand as a mediatrix between him and his audience, and to ward off all disturbing or injurious impressions from his sensitive soul."

Though his success was now Clara Schumann's chief interest, she did not drop her

own music. Audiences in Leipsic were often favored with her performances. She made tours with her husband, also, and it was through her interpretation of his works that he came to be so widely appreciated. Nor was Schumann the only musician whose fame was due in a large part to this woman: Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms and Mendelssohn were brought into fuller recongition through Clara Schumann's concert work.

Yet looking down the seventy-seven years of her life, we find it singularly sad. She was a welcome colleague in a circle of the greatest musicians—there was honor; adored of the public in many cities—there was fame. But the thing most necessary to her happiness always brought sorrow with it. She was by nature deeply affectionate, but she was singularly hapless in her attachments. Her parents were fond of her, but their continual quarreling, which finally resulted in a separation

when Clara was only nine, made her unhappy. This separation which left Clara without a mother, naturally drew her closer to her father and their common interest in music made the tie even stronger. For years it was firm enough to bind her to him even though Schumann entreated her to marry him. The final break with her father was the harder to bear because she longed to see the two she cared most for at peace together. Even her married life, happy as it was, was clouded by the fear of the insanity which threatened her husband for years and which finally ended his life.

But Clara Schumann was not one to bow down to sorrow. She was fine enough and strong enough to rise above it, to be a loving daughter, a great artist and a perfect wife.

In the forty years following her husband's death, she, who had been the inspiration of his best work, made many concert tours and secured for him the recognition denied him in

life, establishing his name as a composer in cities throughout the Continent and Great Britain.

For the last eighteen years of her life she gave the benefit of her wide experience and thorough training to pupils at the Hoch Conservatorium at Frankfort, constantly keeping before them the nobler ideals of musical expression.

1819	Birth, Leipsic, Germany.
1824	Student of pianoforte.
1828	Début in public. Robert Schumann a pupil of her father.
1830	First concert.
1831	Composer of a set of four polonaises.
1832	First appearance in Paris.
1835	In a performance with Mendelssohn and Rakemann.
1837	First visit to Vienna.
1840	Marriage with Robert Schumann.
1846	Appearance with Jenny Lind, in concert.
1856	First visit to England. Death of Robert Schumann.
1859	Second appearance in England. Tours throughout the Continent.
1878	Teacher at the Hoch Conservatorium.
1896	Death at Frankfort.

GEORGE ELIOT

1819-1880

"September, 1856, made a new era in my life."

THIS appeared in the Journal of a woman of thirty-seven—a woman who was later to be called the Shakespeare of modern prose writers. It was then that she began to work in the field which became so peculiarly her own. Yet the idea that she might write novels was not her own, but simply the suggestion of a friend.

"Why don't you write a novel?" he asked.

There was no reason why she should not try. Marian Evans thought the idea good, and started to work it out. Her first efforts, *Scenes of Clerical Life,* appeared serially in Blackwood's Magazine, under the name of George Eliot. The work met with some en-

thusiasm among individuals but the general public showed little interest. However, the stories were such faithful pictures of clerical life that they aroused speculation as to the sort of a man George Eliot might be. Some were sure he was a clergyman, others that he was not; and still others that he had been before he began writing. No one seemed to doubt at all that the stories were written by a man. To the three who knew—the publisher, the author, and the friend—this guess work was amusing. They kept the secret until the stories came out in book form, and then astonished their friends by announcing the author.

The triumph of *Adam Bede,* considered by many her masterpiece, established George Eliot's position as a novelist, and more books were eagerly demanded by her readers, now grown numerous.

Her success was due simply to her ability for telling the truth. Silas, Eppie, Amos, Maggie

and the rest, are everyday humans and the incidents of their lives are naturally and simply told. One is sure to meet a friend, or, at least, an acquaintance in every one of her characters. She never pictures the dilettante and the professional model happily married. Wherever her scenes are laid her characters belong to the setting. Jenny the farm girl, appears happy churning butter, milking cows, or feeding chickens. She has fun hunting eggs, or going to husking bees and to quilting parties, but she is never presented at court, nor does the millionaire chance to come in for a glass of milk and fall in love with her at sight, carry her off and marry her. One finishes George Eliot's stories with a feeling of satisfaction for just the sort of life that is his, unless he happens to be lazy. Then if he is honest, he braces up; if not he may feel abused, for George Eliot has no use for a man or a woman who has nothing to do and glories in doing it.

But she was not without moments of discouragement. Never was a writer more sensitive to criticism. She threw her whole self into her characters, laughed with them and wept with them until they became so much a part of her very life that a flippant remark unthinkingly made about any of them troubled her for days. Thus, notwithstanding the success of *Adam Bede*, she was, as she expressed it, "a prisoner in the castle of Giant Despair" for days at a time while she was writing her next book. On such occasions, the Giant "growled in her ear that the *Mill on the Floss* was detestable, and that the last volume would be the climax of that detestableness." It matters little whether these fears were well-grounded or groundless, the essential fact is that she kept on writing. The book did not repeat the success of its predecessor—it is rarely that a masterpiece is followed by another within a year—but it did not decrease the number of her readers; and it has lived.

From this time, new novels appeared with almost yearly regularity. *Silas Marner, Romola,* and *Felix Holt,* in turn, delighted their readers. A little later she repeated, in *Middlemarch,* the success of *Adam Bede.* Thus, the humble, almost diffident author of *The Scenes* rapidly became a figure of prominence in the literary world.

Her characters have the charm and the reality which distinguishes those of Dickens. But they are more sympathetic, for she presents them all as portraits and none as cartoons. It is a beautiful soul that attracts her, not always a pretty face.

Thirty-seven, then, is not too late to begin to make good.

1819 Birth, South Farm, Warwickshire, England.
1836 Death of her mother.
1843 Translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus.*
1846 Completion and publication of the translation.
1849. Death of her father. First trip abroad.
1851 Editor of the Westminister Review.
1854 Friendship with George Henry Lewes. Second trip abroad.
1856 First attempt at writing fiction, under pen name of George Eliot.
1858 *Scenes of Clerical Life.*
1859 *Adam Bede.*
1860 *The Mill on the Floss;* and others.
1861 *Silas Marner.*
1863 *Romola.*
1866 *Felix Holt.*
1872 *Middlemarch.*
1876 Death of Lewes.
1878 Marriage with J. W. Cross.
1880 Death at Chelsea, England.

JENNY LIND

1820-1887

THERE is a picture somewhere of a little girl scattering gold and jewels from a bag, down upon the earth, while an angel guides her through the clouds. It recalls the old story of the child who had wished for many Christmas gifts, but who, upon creeping downstairs before dawn on Christmas morning, found beautiful things for the rest of the family but for herself, only a black bag that she could not open. In the midst of her weeping over her disappointment, the Spirit of Christmas appeared and showed her the secret of the bag, which consisted of wishing to give some one a present. To this wish the bag opened immediately. Then the Spirit took the child through the clouds above

the earth and showed her the wretchedness of the children of the poor, to whom Christmas means nothing but hopeless longings. The sight made the child scatter the riches of her bag wherever she went. The thought of the happiness she had been able to give to so many took away the sense of her own disappointment and she returned home happy.

In the capital of Sweden, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the "Swedish nightingale" for many years played the part of the little girl in the old fairy story. Though the stage was her home for most of her life, it was in private, not behind the footlights, that she played this part.

As a child of nine, she was overheard by an actress, singing to her cat. The actress recognized the child's gift and suggested having her trained for the stage. But, the mere mention of a stage career for her daughter, horrified the mother who regarded the theatre as a kind of devil's workshop. And it was

only after much persuasion that she at last accepted a letter of introduction to the singing master of the Royal Theater, and finally took Jenny to see him.

In spite of being what she herself calls "a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, gauché, undergrown girl," to whom the head of the Theater, would hardly give a second glance, she won their acceptance as an actress-pupil, for her voice even at that early age moved her hearers to tears.

The directors of the institution agreed to give Jenny a complete education at their own expense upon condition that she was put entirely under their control for as long as she stayed with them, reserving to themselves the right to dismiss her if they found that her talent was not sufficient to warrant cultivation. In return they required that she give her services to the theater for a certain length of time after her training had been completed.

She took part in several plays, and it was as

an actress rather than a singer that she appeared on the stage up to her eighteenth year. Then she tried opera. In the season of 1839 she appeared sixty-seven times in various operas, playing nearly all of the parts in which she was afterwards famous. Her success at this time was largely due to the charm and naturalness of her acting. The Swedish public hailed her as their favorite even before they had fully recognized her wonderful voice.

But the favor her remarkable talent created with audiences led to overwork. Her voice became thin and tired. She had learned all that Swedish professors could teach her, yet she felt that her technic was faulty. So, at the conclusion of the season, Jenny Lind decided to go to Paris for further study. To earn the necessary funds she went through the country districts near Stockholm on a concert tour. This after so hard a season thoroughly exhausted her, and when she reached Paris

and asked Manuel Garcia, then one of the best vocal teachers, his advice, he told her to take six weeks rest, during which she was not to sing, and to speak as little as possible. At the end of that time, having recovered her voice, she studied with him for a year.

It was a year of steady, hard work, but it yielded good returns; the Swedish girl not only gained power, but what was, perhaps, more important, she acquired the ability to conserve her strength—to save herself while, at the same time, doing justice to her work. This was of inestimable value, for she sprang into almost instant popularity and fame. Wherever she was billed to appear— in Berlin, Leipsic, Vienna, Munich, or elsewhere—the houses were packed, and to one less well trained the strain might have proved disastrous.

Her début in London and the tale of the suffering of the hundreds who waited for hours in the hope of getting seats in the pit of Her

Majesty's Theater, where she was to be heard, is familiar to all. Never before had a singer received such an ovation, either in London or on the Continent. In America her triumph was even more splendid. The fact that, in Boston, $625 was paid for a ticket to a single performance is in itself significant.

But charming and loveable as Jenny Lind was on the stage, she was even more so in private life. She was a happy, simple and natural woman, whom a long public life in no way spoiled. Believing as she did that her very power carried with it the responsibility of helping those less fortunate than herself she gave generously to charity, both in money and service. There are records of her donations to charitable organizations showing thousands of dollars spent in this way, but there are thousands of cases in which she was personally interested, of which few, outside of those benefited, knew anything.

Jenny Lind's bag of riches and help was

never closed. She was, perhaps, more than ordinarily besieged with beggars. "But what mattered it if only one case in ten were worthy," she asked, "so that the one was not overlooked?"

1820	Birth, October 6, Stockholm.
1829	Pupil in the school attached to the Royal Theater.
1830	First appearance in child parts.
1838	Début as Agatha in Weber's Freischütz.
1840	Member of the Royal Swedish Academy.
1841	Pupil of Manuel Garcia in Paris.
1844	An assistant in the fêtes at the crowning of King Oscar.
1845	First appearance at Leipsic.
1847	In London.
1848	In America.
1849	Last appearance on any stage.
1852	Married to Otto Goldschmidt.
1870	Last public appearance.
1887	Death at Malvern, England.

CLARA BARTON.

1821-1912.

THERE had been six in the Barton family for twelve years when Clara was born. All of them were eager to watch over and to care for the little newcomer. They fed her, clothed her and amused her, but never let her do anything for herself. They anticipated her every want to such an extent that if by some rare oversight they failed to supply something—gloves, for instance—it never occurred to her to ask for them.

A soldier father who loved history, a mathematical brother, two school-teacher sisters and a young, athletic brother, waited impatiently to teach the little girl. As soon as she could twist her baby tongue around them, her

father taught her the names of all the presidents and of all the cabinet officers of the United States. Her elder brother blazed the way for her in his hobby. And the two sisters took care of other branches of learning. But the younger brother was not interested in what she might get out of books, but rather what she could be taught to do. She was not much more than five years old when he used to slip off with her to the pasture, and, bridling a pair of colts, toss her up on the back of one, throw himself upon the other, and holding the little girl's foot to keep her on her mount, gallop through the fields. To throw a ball straight from the shoulder as boys do and hit the nail on the head were among the lessons he gave her.

Her mother alone took no part in the child's training, but watched and wondered what it would make of the little girl. She did notice, what the others seemed to overlook, that through so much direction Clara was becom-

ing diffident and lacked self-reliance. The passing years only added to her self-consciousness and convinced the mother that the girl must be given something to take her mind off herself and to develop the power of independent action. Someone suggested that teaching school might accomplish this, and the suggestion was favorably received.

The opening of the summer term found Clara Barton, at the age of sixteen, facing a school of forty pupils. Of the boys, some were almost as old and fully as large as she. All boasted of having "run out" the previous teacher.

It was here that her young brother's training was strength for her. If, at first, the pupils intended making trouble, they soon forgot it in admiration for the girl who could pitch a ball as far and as true as could the biggest of the boys, and who was better at their own games than they were. It was a tearful forty that said goodbye at the close of the term.

Yet, when the school report came out, her school ranked highest in discipline. This puzzled her, for she declared that she had never had cause to correct or to punish a child. She was too young to realize that the absence of discipline is its best example.

When she gave up school work, she had been for eight years a successful teacher in many districts. Then she sought work in the United States Patent Office. She had discovered on a visit to Washington that inventors who filed their patents in the office, owing to the carelessness and the dishonesty on the part of government clerks, had little or no protection. The fact that a woman had never before been a clerk in the office did not trouble her. She obtained the position, and in the three years of her service completely reformed its practices.

In 1861 she was again in Washington. This time she saw a train-load of soldiers just arriving from the battlefield—wounded, dirty and

in need of care. There was only a small hospital in the city, and the unexpected advent of so many patients threw the attendants into panic. Among them all, Clara Barton went about quietly, yet quickly, doing what seemed needed most, and watching constantly for the next opportunity.

Food, bandages, invalid delicacies, and other supplies were sent to her to be distributed. Letters came asking for news of men on the field, or bringing money and messages to be forwarded to them.

But it was not long before her search for the place where she could do most good took her out of Washington to the scene of the conflict—the first American woman on the actual battle ground. Here, as in Washington, she distributed bandages and food and worked skillfully with the surgeons and the doctors. On no one's payroll, under no one's orders, she was free to leave if she wished; but she chose to stay. No emergency found her un-

ready. She made every movement count in her work and was never confused or panic-stricken. Her example left its impress forever upon the methods of hospital management on the battlefield.

Even when the war was over letters continued to come asking for news of those who had gone to the front. To answer all of these Clara Barton found it necessary to establish an office, and through this office, which she maintained herself, though she was afterwards paid for it by the government, she traced out the graves of more than thirty thousand of the soldiers who had fallen.

With no thought of taking time to recover from the strain of her four years' nursing behind the firing lines, she threw herself into this new work, giving to it, as she did to all other service, her whole mind and strength. The harrowing scenes of the battlefield seemed always with her, and made rest impossible. Her nights were long hours of excitement,

and were followed by days of difficult work, so that the tension never relaxed. When, at last, every inquiry had been answered, she was ordered abroad to forget all and to begin to grow strong again under the influences of new scenes and activities.

Stories of her bravery and hard work preceded her; and at Geneva, where she visited, she was asked to use her influence to persuade the United States to become a party to the treaty of Geneva. Clara Barton had, until then, never heard of the Red Cross Society, nor did she know the meaning of the treaty of Geneva; but when she saw the skillful handling of the wounded in the Franco-Prussian war, and learned that these advanced methods were the result of the treaty and that the care of the wounded was entirely in the hands of the Society, she became thoroughly interested. On her return to her own country she did more than influence the United States to sign the treaty: she organized the

American branch of the Red Cross Society, and amended the constitution so that it provided for the distribution of relief, not only in war, but in other times of calamity, such as floods, fires, cyclones, earthquakes and pestilence—the inevitable, unescapable disasters which will continue to leave misery in their wake, even after human enlightenment has stamped out war as a relic of barbarism, unworthy of intelligent people.

Before the waters of the Ohio had gone back to their proper channel, her ship with its flag, a scarlet cross in a white field, sailed down the river, carrying food, clothing, lumber and portable houses, house furnishings, tools and seeds. The Louisiana cyclone, the Johnstown and the Galveston floods, and the San Francisco earthquake are a few of the scenes of disaster where suffering has been relieved and homes reëstablished through her work. The South Sea Islands, Cuba, and Armenia have all known her helping hand. She

has sent her workers promptly to whatever part of the globe from which news of distress has come.

The shy, diffident, self-conscious girl lost herself in her work, and became a woman of powerful influence, a remarkable organizer, and the torch of hope to the helpless.

1821 Birth, Oxford, Massachusetts.

1837 First position as teacher.

1854 Clerk in United States Patent Office.

1860 Hospital nurse and field nurse in the Civil War.

1864 Head of Bureau of Records at Washington, D. C.

1869 Abroad.

1871 Relief work for the poor in Strassburg. The Iron Cross, a recognition of her services.

1872 Relief work in Paris.

1873 Return to United States.

1881 The United States a party to the Treaty of Geneva, through her influence. Organizer of the American Red Cross Association.

1882 *Official History of The Red Cross.*

1898 *The Red Cross in Peace and War.*

1904 Retirement from the Red Cross Organization. *The Story of the Red Cross.*

1907 *The Story of My Own Childhood.*

1912 Death.

ROSA BONHEUR.

1822-1899.

When a woman wants a new dress or a new hat—just one more than her husband thinks necessary—she does not hope to get it by meeting him at the door with a rolling-pin and thundering: "A new bonnet or your life!" She would scorn the notion of a bribe, yet the chances are that she would somehow contrive to fan the kitchen door just enough to let him know that his favorite dish has a place on the bill of fare that evening. And there are a dozen ways of working out the same little plot.

But, to a woman of spirit, the gains through these methods are not worth the cost. They are simply favors—sweetmeats

done up neatly in a wrapper of condescension—which must be properly coaxed for each separate time they are desired.

Rosa Bonheur held in contempt the begging, coaxing woman.

"Let women establish their claims by great and good works, not by conventions," she said.

When she chose to work in a field, which custom decreed was man's alone, it did not occur to her to ask the privilege of working with him. She simply started in as a matter of course and gave her whole self to it. When it was finished, she said as Charlotte Brontë had said before her: "Forget that I am a woman. Judge my work, not me."

As a child, Rosa Bonheur was discovered one day by her father, painting a bunch of cherries.

"That is really very good," he said. "You must now begin to study art in earnest."

The girl was soon beyond the simple pic-

tures he could give her to copy, and since he had no money to buy models for her, she was sent to the Louvre to copy old masters. Many people stopped and spoke a word of praise and encouragement to the quaint, little, yellow-haired girl as she worked there day after day.

Animal study pleased her most, and her copy work was soon given up in its favor. Again the difficulty of finding models presented itself, and a slaughterhouse proved the only solution of the problem. Here were materials enough, if one could put up with the dirt and filth of the place, and the coarse jests of the men. Only the consideration of one, whose size commanded the respect of the others made it possible for her to work there. When the others found they would have to reckon with him, for any annoyance they caused the girl, they let her alone, and later came to respect her work.

For years she painted simply to help pay

the family expenses, and sent only an occasional picture to the salon. These gained appreciation steadily and won her bronze and gold medals, as well as the first prize vase. While she was still in her twenties, she began her masterpiece, *The Horse Fair,* a large canvas on which the animals appear two-thirds natural size. For the subjects of her picture she had to study the men and the horses just as they came into the grounds. But a woman could not do this, and no champion came forward, as at the slaughter house.

Once, after some tomboyish escapade, her grandfather had said to her mother: "You imagine you have a daughter. It is a mistake; Rosalie is a boy in petticoats." It may have been that the remark lingered in the girl's memory, or it may have been that no other solution of the problem presented itself. At any rate, Rosa decided to be a boy, but not in petticoats. Off, too, came the long yellow hair. Then, in short hair and man's

clothing, she mingled unnoticed with the men and the horses at the fairgrounds.

When the great picture was finished and sent to the salon, honors crowded upon the girl. She had commissions from the State, orders from abroad, and her work had no longer to be examined by the board at the salon, but was hung without that formality.

Yet neither success nor the prospect of large sums of money affected her method. Each picture was as carefully worked out as when her fame had depended upon it. Sometimes she simply washed in the background of a picture and then let the canvas dry for as long as two years before going further with it. Her sketches made as studies for these pictures fill books, and such was the demand for her work that she could have sold even the scraps of paper with these rough outlines on them for large sums of money. But she cared for money simply to pay her living expenses. Her sketches were never for sale, and

she could be persuaded to sell only as many pictures as would cover her wants and enable her to continue her study.

Rosa Bonheur has painted pictures of unrivaled beauty; yet, unconsciously she has given us one which makes even a stronger appeal than any of her canvases—the picture of a woman who stepped out of the rut made by countless generations of her sisters, to blaze a new trail, widening it into a broad field of activity. She it was who showed the world that woman has a place beside man in art, that painting could be to her not merely a pretty accomplishment, but a life work. In the sixty years that Rosa Bonheur was actively engaged in painting, she did more than open this field of work to women. She organized free classes, at her home in By, where she generously helped others along the path she had blazed.

She asked no toleration because of her sex, but desired only to have her work judged by

the test of universal standards. And because of the worth not only of her work, but also of the woman, herself, she never had need to demand her rights, but found that what she asked was willingly accorded her.

She was the first woman to be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and was later promoted to the rank of officer. France had no greater honor to bestow.

1822 Birth, Bordeaux, France.

1833 Death of mother.

1835 An apprentice to a seamstress.

1839 Copy work at the Louvre.

1841 First appearance before public critics.

1849 Death of her father. *Plowing in the Nivernais* exhibited.

1853 *The Horse Fair. Haymaking in Auvergne.* A member of the Legion of Honor.

1899 Last exhibition at the salon.
Death at By, near Fontainebleau, France.

LOUISA ALCOTT.

1832-1888.

In Holland, in Germany, and in France there are few women or girls to whom the mention of Louisa May Alcott does not call up happy memories. In England and America there are even fewer. To many, her books are known almost by heart.

At one time her American publishers computed her sales to be more than a million volumes and her receipts more than two hundred thousand dollars. This estimate covered only the American sales, and took no account of English editions nor of translations. Two thousand copies of one book were sold in a single week, fifty thousand copies of another before it came out. And still the sales go on!

Yet behind so great a commercial success there is a still greater achievement. Its secret is found in the words of a small, five-year-old girl who broke silence at a dinner table saying, with a sunny smile: "I love everybody in dis whole world."

From the time when this girl "burst forth into verse at the ripe age of eight" she spent all her spare time in writing stories. She thought them out when she was at work around the house. It was the ambition of her life to become a writer in order that she might "pay every cent we owe and make the old folks comfy"; but stories such as a girl of thirteen or seventeen might write are not always marketable. Louisa realized this before she had tendered her stories very often, and put away her vision of becoming famous by her pen for the more practical business of sewing and teaching. This brought more steadily the money she needed.

Although she now gave to writing only her

spare time—considerably curtailed by her regular day's work—she was at last able to send a book to press. *Flower Fables* appeared when Louisa was twenty-two, and the thirty-two dollars received for it were more welcome to her than larger sums were in later years, when the needs of the family no longer worried her.

For several years she continued writing short stories. Then, in the early part of the Civil War, news came that nurses were needed. Louisa answered the call. For six weeks she worked in hospitals that were little better than pest-houses. Nurses were for the most part incapable, surgeons were unskilful, and sanitation was unknown. The battle against these conditions and the depression of spirits due to watching her boys, as she called them, dying needlessly, so weakened her that she became a victim of the typhoid pneumonia that was causing so many deaths. At the close of six weeks she was taken home dan-

gerously sick. This was the first time she had been seriously ill, but she never fully recovered from it. It was three months before she could touch her work. Yet her active brain could not rest, and long before she was allowed to write a word she had mapped out enough to keep her busy for weeks.

As she grew stronger she discovered how very little those at home knew of what was happening to their men and boys at the front. The thought occurred to Louisa that these might be interested in what she knew of the life. She had written letters home in her usual lively style. These she now recast and called them *Hospital Sketches.* They appeared serially in the *Commonwealth,* and were so well received that copies were demanded faster than they could be supplied. Louisa saw more in this than the success of the moment. Of them she says: 'The *Sketches* never made much money, but showed me 'my style' and, taking the hint, I went where glory

awaited me." Unfortunately, all the money she could earn was needed, and as the demand for her work grew she often had to let it go less carefully prepared than she would have liked had she had more time. It was fifteen years before the pressure of family debts and of daily expenses was lessened, and she felt that she could take time to do her best.

The result was *Little Women*—a book which four generations of mothers have loved to put in the hands of their small daughters. A rainy, dismal day has sent many a woman flying to a little old box in her attic. There among a mass of faded ribbons, old dance favors, and crumbling rose petals she finds the dog-eared volume she is looking for. With an air of mystery she carefully hides it behind her back as she comes downstairs. And, as if by magic, the weeping and storming for outdoor play is hushed and forgotten as she reads the fascinating tale. There is another occasion when the book is bound to appear. This

time it comes in brilliant cover and spotless page, neatly wrapped in tissue paper and tied with gay ribbon—the choicest gift to grace a birthday table. The gift is an event in any girl's life, and whatever its dress, the charm of the book is the same.

The story is very real to these little women. Mentally they picture what they would bring of their treasures for Meg to take with her to Vanity Fair. There is a muffled choking and furtive dabs of handkerchief to eyes as the small reader lives with the Marches the sad time of Beth's death. Then there are stormy times when Jo obstinately refuses to marry Laurie; for of course they cannot see how she could possibly prefer the kindly, middle-aged Professor to the gay, handsome boy. And sympathetic nods accompany Amy's war against made-overs.

The place of *Little Women* in the hearts of its readers is not one lightly held. It is significant that many of us were positively reluctant

to see the dramatization of the story when it appeared a few years ago, lest the play destroy the happy illusions of childhood.

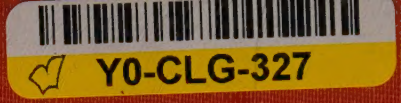
To the first readers of Louisa Alcott's book, *Little Women* did not tell half of what they wanted to know about the Marches. A sequel was prepared, but still they were not content, and even when *Little Men* had followed they were not satisfied, but waited eagerly for *Jo's Boys and How They Turned Out.*

In her eagerness to please the children, Louisa Alcott wrote tales as if there were no limit to her imagination nor end of her strength, but she shortened her life in so doing, and often was sick from overwork. All her stories are much beloved. "It is the consciousness that children are hearing of others like themselves, not abstract quantities labeled with names, that makes Louisa Alcott's books popular," says one writer. This power of making the children see themselves as they are comes from the deep love she had for

them, and through which she was able to understand them and to give proper importance in their development to the things a casual observer usually calls freakish or wild.

Her success cannot be reckoned by book reports, nor in dollars and cents. It is the happiness and the sunshine she was able to bring into millions of lives that make her supremely successful.

1832 Birth at Germantown, Pennsylvania.
1840 First compositions in verse.
1847 Sale of short stories.
1855 *Flower Fables.*
1860 Contributor to the Atlantic Monthly.
1862 Hospital Nurse at Washington.
1863 *Hospital Sketches,* in the Commonwealth.
1864 *Moods.*
1866 Abroad as a companion to an invalid.
1868 *Little Women.*
1870 Second trip abroad. *An Old-Fashioned Girl.*
1871 *Little Men.*
1871-1879 *Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag.*
1876 *Rose in Bloom. Silver Pitchers.*
1877 Adopted her eldest nephew. Death of her sister May, leaving her baby, Lulu, to Louisa.
1888 Death in Boston, Massachusetts.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